

AUGUST 26, 1934

GUEST, ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

AMERICAN-BOSCH RADIO EXPLORERS' CLUBWJZAUGUST 26, 1934SUNDAY(5:30 - 5:45 P.M.)(SIGNATURE - "SAILORS HORNPIPE" - CONCERTINA)OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting - the second meeting of the Radio Explorers' Club!

(CONCERTINA CONTINUES TO END OF THEME - THEN OUT)ANNOUNCER:

Come, sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND SURF EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the-World Radio!

(STRONG GUST OF WIND - REGISTER - FADE)

CAPTAIN BARKER:

Good afternoon boys and girls -- and mother and dad too -- This is Captain Barker speaking Welcome to the second weekly meeting of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers' Club! ----- What thrills are in store for you today -----

(MORE)

(CAPTAIN BARKER - CONT'D)

For we're about to weigh anchor for the mystic lands of the Far East. And whom do you think we have as a shipmate? Why, it's none other than the famous explorer, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who will take us exploring for prehistoric mastodons in the Gobi Desert - that huge waste of sizzling sands deep in the interior of Mongolia. After that thrilling adventure I'm going to tell you how every boy and girl can become an enrolled member of the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club.

Today, then, we're going to the Far East with Dr. Andrews ... You know, speaking of the Far East reminds me of a voyage I made to China as mate of the (Liverpool) ship Dovenby Hall in '98. I was only twenty-three then, and mighty proud to be mate of such a fine vessel.

I can remember that voyage as if it were yesterday. Weeks before we left Bayonne bound for Shanghai I paid a visit to another ship lying near us. She was the beautiful bark Trade Winds, (owned by John Joyce & Company, of Liverpool,) and was to sail that very day for the same port as ourselves.

"Look here, Mr. Jones," I said to her mate, "I'll bet you five quid the Dovenby Hall makes Shanghai in less time than the Trade Winds."

"Oh, you will, will you?" Jones snorted, (glaring hard at me.) "Five quid, you say! Why, I'll lay you a ten pound note we lick the stuffing out of you!"

"That's a go, Mister," I said. "And you may as well kiss that ten pounds goodbye right now. The Dovenby Hall can sail rings round this scow."

(MORE)

(CAPTAIN BARKER - CONT'D)

(His moustache bristled fiercely; but nevertheless we shook hands and wished each other Godspeed and fair winds. That same day the bark Trade Winds sailed away, and I wondered what our respective fates would be.)

Three weeks later the Dovenby Hall left Sandy Hook and the "old girl" covered the 14,000 miles to Shanghai in the splendid time of 109 days. Of course I had been dreaming about that ten pounds all during the passage -- ten pounds was a lot of money in those days and still is, for that matter (CHUCKLE) -- and no sooner had the Woosung pilot come aboard than I fired my question at him: "Pilot, what news of the Trade Winds? When did she arrive?"

The fellow gave me a blank stare. "The Trade Winds, I am sorry to say, sir," he said finally, "hasn't even been reported."

By gad, what a shock! In a moment this news was all over the ship.

"Foundered," said the second mate, "broached to in a typhoon in the Indian Ocean and went down with all hands. That's what I think!"

"Or maybe she ran afoul of one of the Pacific Islands," I said. "Perhaps her men are still alive, marooned like a lot of buccaneeros!"

(MORE)

We discussed it for weeks, but finally we left Shanghai without having heard a whisper of the Trade Winds. It was months after we had departed on our homeward passage that the Trade Winds, her bottom coated with grass and barnacles, appeared like a ghost at the mouth of the Woosung River. She had been seven long months in sailing the same distance we had romped over in 109 days.

Years afterwards I met her captain at a hotel in Cardiff, Wales; "I almost went mad, Barker," he told me. "For two terrible months we were trapped in the Sunda Straits. You know what that means."

"Yes," I answered, "beccalmed between Java and Sumatra where the wind you so badly needed couldn't reach you. Must have been like a nightmare."

"Aye," he muttered, "The sun's heat was terrific. Water and provisions ran low. Scurvy broke out. One day the crew came aft in a nastymood and demanded the water tank keys. My officers met them with belaying pins and blood was spilled. At first it looked bad for us, but they backed up sullenly when we threatened to shoot them dead... By Jove, Barker, if I had only known more about those seas I'd have steered clear of the Sunda Straits."

I never saw the captain of the Trade Winds again, but his story always reminds me of the saying, "Ships are all right, but it's the men in them!!" By the Great Horned Spoon, what a licking we gave her! I won my bet, but of course I never collected the ten pounds. Betting is bad business anyway!

Thirty-five years have passed since then. How times have changed! In those days it took over 100 days to reach China. Today I can reach Shanghai in a few seconds by merely twisting the dial of my new American-Bosch Round-the-World Radio. But way enough!..... I know you're anxious to hear about the Gobi Desert...

(CAPTAIN BARKER CONT'D)

So here's Mr. Hans Christian Adamson, of the American Museum of Natural History, who will chat before the mike with our guest explorer, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews....Mr. Adamson!

ADAMSON Thanks, Captain Barker....and I take great pleasure in presenting Dr. Andrews who will take us to the Gobi....Tell me, Doctor, how do we travel on our trip through the desert?

ANDREWS By camel and by car....That is, when you can travel at all, for in the Gobi there are places so desolate and dangerous that neither camel nor car can get through.

ADAMSON Did you ever try to fight your way through those dangerous regions, Doctor?

ANDREWS Yes! Once! And it was a bitter lesson. We lost most of our camels. Ruined most of our cars, and nearly lost our lives.

ADAMSON Gosh....that sounds like adventure with a capital A! Come on, spin us the whole tale.

ANDREWS All right...With cars and camels we had been pushing toward Chinese Turkestan - an unexplored and inaccessible land. We were going it absolutely blind. The few Mongols we met could tell us nothing about it. But one day we came upon an old man who had crossed part of the area with a caravan during his youth. "Don't go there", he said...."It is a land of thirst and hunger and heat. The camels will die and you will die".

ADAMSON Quite an emphatic warning. But I presume it fell on deaf ears.

ANDREWS Of course. Our camel caravan was first to go. They left about a month ahead of us because camels travel ten times slower than cars. It was the finest caravan I ever had....150 splendid animals with fat humps and round bellies. I stood on a hill and watched them string out in a long, winding line across the hot, glaring desert, led by a camel that carried the American flag. As I watched them go I little realized that only 33 would return alive.

ADAMSON What happened? Did they lost their way so that you could not find them?

ANDREWS Oh, we found them all right. We followed their tracks through a desolate waste of sand under a scorching sun. We saw them again, but they were dead. Here and there, like pathetic milestones along our road, sprawled the bodies of our magnificent animals. They had died from thirst, from hunger and from heat. Bitter alkali water, no food; heat of 140 degrees. That was the story. We, ourselves, pushed desperately onward in the motors, getting deeper and deeper into the land of desolation.

ADAMSON It must have been a regular nightmare of a journey.

ANDREWS Nightmare! Yes, it was a nightmare. When I say we 'pushed' our way through the sand, that is exactly what I mean. (CONTINUED OVER)

ANDREWS

(CONTINUED) There were times when the sand was so soft that we almost had to carry the cars. Often at night we were so exhausted that we crawled into our sleeping bags without waiting for dinner - trying to forget that the next day it all had to be done again; pushing, shoving, fighting our way into the endless waste of yellow sand. Still, we would not have minded the hardships - they must be expected - but we found none of the signs that lead to the prehistoric past. For nearly three months we struggled through the wilderness, exhausted, and discouraged. A gruesome monotony that now and then was broken by howling sandstorms that wrecked our tents and cut our skins. At last we realized the hopelessness of our task. Our supplies were low, our strength was ebbing fast. If we returned at once, we might save our expedition. If not...well... no-one could say what might happen.

ADAMSON

It seems to me that you could have saved yourself a lot of trouble if you had taken the old Mongol's advice in the first place. Say, speaking of Mongols, did you ever have any trouble with them?

ANDREWS

No....The Mongol is a pretty decent fellow. But we did have trouble with Chinese soldiers who had turned bandits or opium smugglers.

ADAMSON I've heard they're quite a desperate lot.

Did they ever attack you?

ANDREWS Several times, but fortunately they are the world's worst shots...As a matter of fact, the heartiest laugh I ever had in all of my twelve years in Mongolia was given me by a bunch of bandits.

ADAMSON That's a new one. According to the newspapers, Chinese bandits usually have the last laugh.

What was the joke?

ANDREWS Well, you see, it was this way. I was alone, driving a truck along a caravan route with another truck a mile or so behind, and I was just approaching a spot where two Russian cars had been robbed a few weeks earlier and one man killed, when I began to wonder if the brigands would try it again in the same place. Almost at the same moment I saw the flash of a gun-barrel on the summit of a hill three hundred yards away. The head and shoulders of a single mounted horseman were just visible against the sky.

ADAMSON In other words, you had reached the Robbers' Roost. But, frankly, I don't see anything to laugh at.

ANDREWS

Oh - no, not yet...The horseman on the hilltop was doubtless a sentinel to give warning to his bandit comrades in the valley below. I drew my revolver and fired twice...The bullets ~~must~~ have come too close for comfort, although I did not attempt to hit him, for the sentinel vanished at once. Meanwhile, I drove on, and as the car topped the hill I saw three mounted bandits at its bottom.

ADAMSON

And what did you do - wish that you could call a cop?

ANDREWS

There was no time for wishing. I could not turn without exposing myself to close-range shooting, but I knew that a Mongol pony never would stand against the charge of a motor, so I decided to attack. I stepped on the gas, and, with the cut-out wide open, roared down the smooth slope like a pursuit plane attacking enemy troops. And, by Jove, it was an exhilarating moment. What I expected happened. While the brigands tried to get their rifles from their backs, their horses began bucking and rearing so madly that the men could hardly stay in their saddles. I grabbed one of my guns and began to pump lead in their direction. I fired close to their heads but they did not shoot back. The only thing the brigands wanted to do was to get away.

ADAMSON

Did you hit any of them?

ANDREWS

No, it would have been easy to kill them, but I simply could not shoot them down in cold blood. So I contented myself with giving them the worst fright of their lives. My roaring truck caught up with one who glared at me with rolling eyes as I popped away at the top of his sugar-loaf hat, but I was laughing so hard that I could not hit it.

ADAMSON

Well, personally, I think that you were a little too tender-hearted. After all, those fellows would have killed you without thinking twice.

ANDREWS

Perhaps! However, I am an explorer and not an executioner. But - let us leave the Gobi of today and go back to a tragedy which occurred two or three millions years ago. In the course of our explorations, we came upon one of the greatest discoveries in the history of palaeontology in the dried-up basin of what once had been an enormous lake. At one end was a treacherous swamp into which a whole herd of mastodons had been lured to destruction thousands of centuries ago... a nature-made trap - baited with succulent plant.

ADAMSON

Why - how could you possibly find that out, Doctor Andrews? You sound like Sherlock Holmes.

ANDREWS

Well, it took a bit of reconstruction...
but the evidence was all around us....You
know, Hans, I wish I could express the
thrill we felt when we dug into that
ancient death trap and uncovered its
long-hidden secret..

hm

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(ANDREWS - CONT'D)

Let's forget for the moment the bare hills of sun-baked rocks and the blistering heat of the Gobi as we found it and visualize it as it was in the days before the Ice Age. The hills were covered with vegetation and the valley was green with lush grasses. A quiet bay ran inland from the great lake and on the surface of the water floated plants and green tubers that spread beyond its banks.

ADAMSON: It sounds like a very beautiful spot.

ANDREWS: Yes, but treacherous. A sylvan glade of peace and tranquility, but in reality a deathly trap, for the bank was a bog of oozing and mud that would swallow and destroy anything that stepped upon it.

ADAMSON: So that's how the mastodons got trapped!

ANDREWS: Exactly. Into the peaceful valley walked a herd of those huge super-elephantine creatures, with enormous heads which ended in protruding jaws shaped like shovels - eighteen inches wide and five and a half feet long. The leading mastodon, probably an old bull, headed for the backwater and began to scoop up great quantities of water plants with his monstrous shovel jaw. He was lured further and further from shore..... Suddenly, while feeding greedily, he found he couldn't lift his ponderous legs. He was mired.

ADAMSON: I can almost see it now, the way you describe it.

ANDREWS: It must have been an amazing sight He struggled madly, only to sink deeper and deeper into the mud. Trumpeting in rage and fear, he churned the water in a wild frenzy. But he fought a losing battle..... slowly he sank below the surface to disappear and die.

ADAMSON: Were more than one trapped in this way?

ANDREWS: Oh yes. Forty at least we know were trapped.

ADAMSON: How in the world did you happen to find this graveyard of mastodons?

ANDREWS: Father Time did it for us. Eventually the lake dried up. The winds of the Ice Age eroded away the sediment and in sweeping the surface of the desert, nature exposed the bones of the mastodons that had been buried there so many millions of years.

ADAMSON: Well, thank you, Dr. Andrews. You should be known as the Sherlock Holmes of Science. Too bad our time is so short..... I must turn the microphone back to Captain Barker, Commander of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club, who has some important announcements to make..... Captain Barker.

CAPTAIN BARKER: Thank you, Mr. Adamson By gad I may tell you the story of Dr. Andrews thrilled me. I've travelled the world over by sea and know every harbor worth knowing, but I've never ventured into the Mongolian deserts. What an exciting life it must be to go around digging up skeletons of animals that have been buried millions of years!

(MORE)

(CAPTAIN BARKER - CONT'D)

By the way, Mr. Adamson, where will our adventures take us next Sunday.

ADAMSON: Well, our guest is another famous explorer known to everyone --- Col. Theodore Roosevelt --

BARKER: Col. Roosevelt! We'll all be looking forward to meeting him. What's he going to talk about.

ADAMSON: He's going to tell us how he went after the Ovis Poli -- the mountain sheep that roam the roof of Asia.

BARKER: Good enough -- I've got a corking story about Asia -- but that will have to wait 'till next meeting for I know you boys and girls out there are anxious to know more about the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. Wouldn't you like to join the club and enjoy all its privileges? Wouldn't you like to possess the membership certificate, with your own name inscribed on it -- something to hang up in your room and be proud of? Wouldn't you like to wear the smart little button -- the official insignia of membership? And the map -- there's something you surely want -- the authorized map of the Radio Explorer's Club showing the location of all the important radio stations all over the world..... And wouldn't you like a chance to win a prize in the contests we have up our sleeves for a little later on? Well, then, stand by while our announcer tells you how easily you can become a member.... Clear sailing to you 'till next Sunday.

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Thank you, Captain Barker.....

American-Bosch has asked me to extend to every boy and girl an invitation to become a member of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. Here's all you do to join. Simply send your name and address, with the name and age of the radio set to which you are now listening to American Bosch, American B-o-s-c-h, -- Springfield, Massachusetts. I'll repeat that: - to join, merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are now listening to American-Bosch, -- Springfield, Massachusetts. Back will come your membership certificate, official membership badge and official Radio Explorers Club Radio Map of the World.

You know you'll never be content with a stay-at-home radio when you discover how easily you can tune in foreign stations on the 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios. These amazing new sets bring you, better than ever before, the full range of local programs. And in addition they take you radio-exploring clear around the world. Look at model No. 460 for example!

The world-wide range of radio communications is yours to explore from Shanghai to Sidney, Australia -- from Rome to Rio de Janeiro. In the console, model 460, that introduces Right Angle Tuning, the only new basic principle in radio design in many years. In both console and consolet Model 460 features the Multi-Wave Selector, an exclusive American-Bosch engineering development which ends all the confusion of tuning foreign stations; because only one wave band is visible at a time.

(MORE)

(CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - CONT'D)

Radio dealers everywhere will be glad to demonstrate all these and the many other features of the whole line of new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios.

("SAILOR'S HORN PIPE" - CONCERTINA - FADE IN HERE)

Don't forget the big treat in store for you at next Sunday's meeting of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, illustrious explorer will be the guest of Captain Barker. Make sure you listen in.

(SIGNATURE TO CONCLUSION)

The part of Captain Barker for tonight was played by Eustace Wyatt.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY: SCUDDER: RD

8/22/34.